

W. H. MILLIER

again takes up his able pen to give 'Good Morning' readers ring history as he saw it made during

'The Golden Age of Boxing'

WHEN TOMMY BURNS WAS KING OF THE RING

PROFESSIONAL boxers, or at least those who have reached the big money, owe a debt of gratitude to Tommy Burns, for it was he who trumpeted in the Golden Age. Burns first came to London in 1907. He had been world's heavy-weight champion for nearly two years, and all the world knew it. He was the most talked-of champion up to that time, and people who had never before interested themselves in the ring became enthusiastic followers of the game.

It was not that Burns was popular, but simply that he was such an unusual person that he never failed to draw the spotlight on himself.

The old National Sporting Club, managed by that sublime autocrat, Peggy Bettinson, and numbering at least half the peerage among its members, was shaken to its foundations more thoroughly by the arrival of Noah Brusso—Burns's real name—than it was thirty-five years later when splashed by Jerry bomb-splinters.

To have fought at the Club was the hall-mark of the pugilistic profession. The provincial boxer had really arrived at his pinnacle when he was invited to fight for the N.S.C. Thus the committee, which comprised men who had helped to build professional boxing into a healthy and honourable sport from the debris of the villainous old Prize Ring, expected and received all the deference due to them.

King of the Ring

There was no deference when Tommy Burns was concerned. If there was, it was he who demanded it all for himself. He was the King of the Ring, or, as he might have preferred it, the Napoleon; and Napoleon is the better title. We all know what happened to Napoleon.

It would be unkind to the memory of one who was really great in his way if the historian did not make full allowances for the circumstances. You have to realise that Burns knew nothing of the high character of the National Sporting Club.

He knew only from his own experiences of the fight game in America that in all his dealings he had to be battling with the sharpest wits outside Wall Street or Sing-Sing. To his way of thinking, every man was out to do him down, and it was up to him to see that it didn't happen.

Brains and Guts

No, it was not just swank. He had a large head, but it was the size intended for him by Nature, and not swollen out of proportion by his success. He was that rare bird, a professional boxer with brains. He not only had brains; but Guts with a capital G.

His song might have been, "I care for nobody, no, not I; and nobody cares for me." The big difference being that he didn't possess the blithe spirit of the Miller of the Dee. If he ever laughed, it must have been in his sleep; and as nobody ever caught him asleep he was never likely to know.

My verdict, for what it is worth, is that the good fairy, or haggard old witch, who

presided at his birth, gave him all the attributes but one, and that one thing was the priceless sense of humour.

The calm serenity of the club, with its atmosphere of genial warmth, was blasted by an icy north-easter from Alaska when Noah Brusso breezed in for his first interview. Even the club

gether would rank as dreary also-rans in the Dictatorial Stakes, with Burns carrying top weight.

What had we to pit against this Napoleon? A champion of England who was indeed his antithesis. He was Gunner James Moir, a former artilleryman and a native of Lambeth,

In himself, he was an animated picture gallery with the whole of his muscular body tattooed. He could never pass himself off as his uncle's brother.

Burns was a small man, as heavy-weights go, and he appeared to be much shorter than his 5ft. 7in. by reason of his breadth of shoulders. In weight just 12st. 7lbs. at his best, but big enough to beat the world—until he met Jack Johnson.

Fighters take some hard knocks with equanimity as part of the daily round, but the ever-so-gentle breath of criticism completely takes them off their feet. The majority of them are as squeamish as ballet-girls in this connection.

Cash for Hate

Yet, if only they knew it, they are unique in being the only performers who are able to cash in on dislike, and I might say that positive hatred can become a small gold mine.

Of the members and visitors who packed the Covent Garden arena to stifling point on the night of the world's heavy-weight championship fight between Tommy Burns and Gunner Moir, it might be said that the attraction was not so much to see Moir win the world's title as to see that masterful, swashbuckling French-Canadian licked in no uncertain manner.

If they had entered the club with this thought in mind, it had become intensified a hundredfold by the time the contest was due to start.

Burns had climbed through the ropes with studied nonchalance, passed his eyes over the tightly packed assembly with an expression that weighed them up as a prize set of mugs, glanced across the ring to his opponent, and gave him such a look of pity that poor Moir was half-licked before he had started; and then Burns dropped his bombshell.

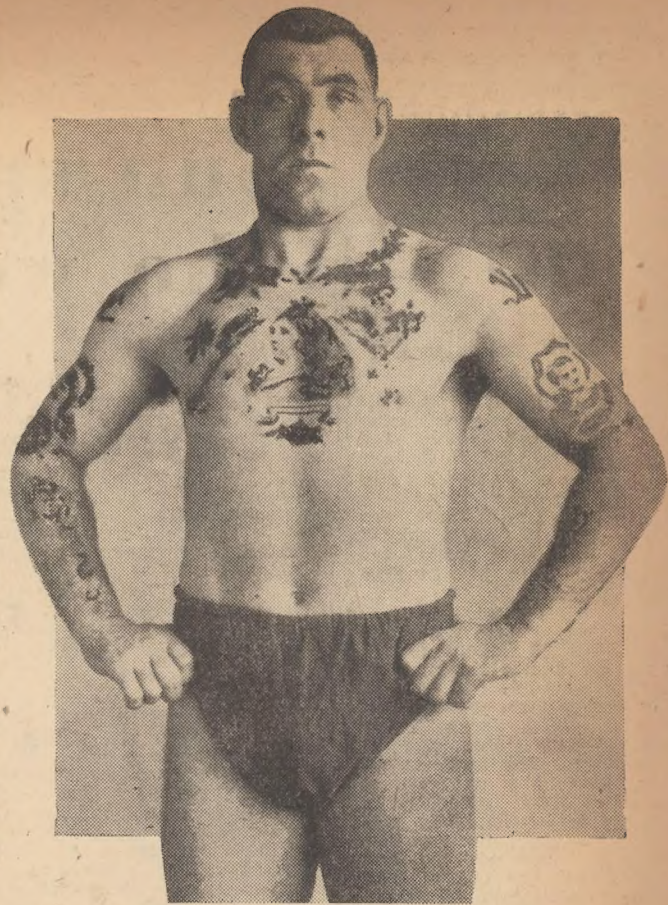
Leaning over the ropes, he called for the manager and asked if his purse-money was on the premises. No doubt it sounds a very ordinary thing now, but to the committee and members of the N.S.C. it was tantamount to telling them they were a gang of pick-pockets.

The wonder is that Peggy Bettinson didn't either die of apoplexy or swoop into the ring and do without the services of Gunner Moir. Choking his indignation, Peggy tried to smooth things over with decorum, but Burns the Emperor was adamant.

Wanted his Money

He wanted his purse-money then and there before the fight started or there would be no contest. Old man Bettinson could be just as stubborn, and if it hadn't been for the disappointment such a fiasco would have caused, he would have told Burns in a very few words where to go. In the end he collected a fat wad of notes and handed it over in the ring.

Burns evidently trusted one man, and that was the referee, Eugene Corri, because he gave the money to 'Gene, who put it in the pocket of his dinner jacket.



Rugged and unsmiling Gunner Moir. This photo shows the famous tattoo pictures.

After a couple of rounds the referee did an unusual thing for N.S.C. officials. He thought it best to officiate inside the ring, and as it was a warm job he threw off his jacket, money and all, and dropped it carelessly over the ropes. Had it been anywhere else but the N.S.C., that money would have vanished for ever.

This purse-money hold-up was the climax to a series of Burnsonian back-stiffeners that left the N.S.C. committee speechless.

He objected to everything, from the size of the ring to the shape of the gloves, and it took many sessions before he would agree to any of the referees put forward.

Eugene Corri was so disgusted at one of these meetings that he walked out. He objected to the manner in which Burns had turned down his name when it was put forward as referee; and as Corri left the committee-room Burns said, "He'll do for me," and that was that.

The contest does not rank as one of the great battles of the past. Moir was a good, honest fighter, but he was not in the same class as Burns, and it did not take long for the Canadian to weigh him up to the last ounce. Only once was Burns taken out of his stride. This was in the second round, when Moir rocked him with a right wallop that would surely have sent a less tough opponent to the canvas.

Boxing Lesson

Burns was not caught again with anything that seriously troubled him. He proceeded to give the Gunner a boxing lesson, and, game as he was, Moir never looked like winning. He was easy meat for the knock-out when it came in the tenth round.

This defeat did not mean the end of Moir's boxing career, and I shall have some stories to tell of him later.

As for Burns, he proceeded to cash-in on the enormous publicity he had gained, and two months later packed that time-honoured arena in Whitechapel known as Wonderland in a meeting with Jack Palmer. I had better not stop to introduce any of Wonderland's army of ghosts here, but they will push their way on to the stage in good time. You can't keep a good ghost out for ever.

Palmer—no relation to the once-famous Pedlar—was a native of Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and had made a big name for himself both at home and abroad. He had re-

turned from a trip to the United States just prior to the arrival of Burns in this country. Moir had won his British heavy-weight title from Palmer in 1906. He had won on a foul in nine rounds, and there was always a shade of doubt as to whether the Gunner was really superior.

Thus, it was thought that Palmer might provide a few more fireworks than Moir had produced against the world's champion, but he stayed only four rounds before taking the full count.

In Paris, too

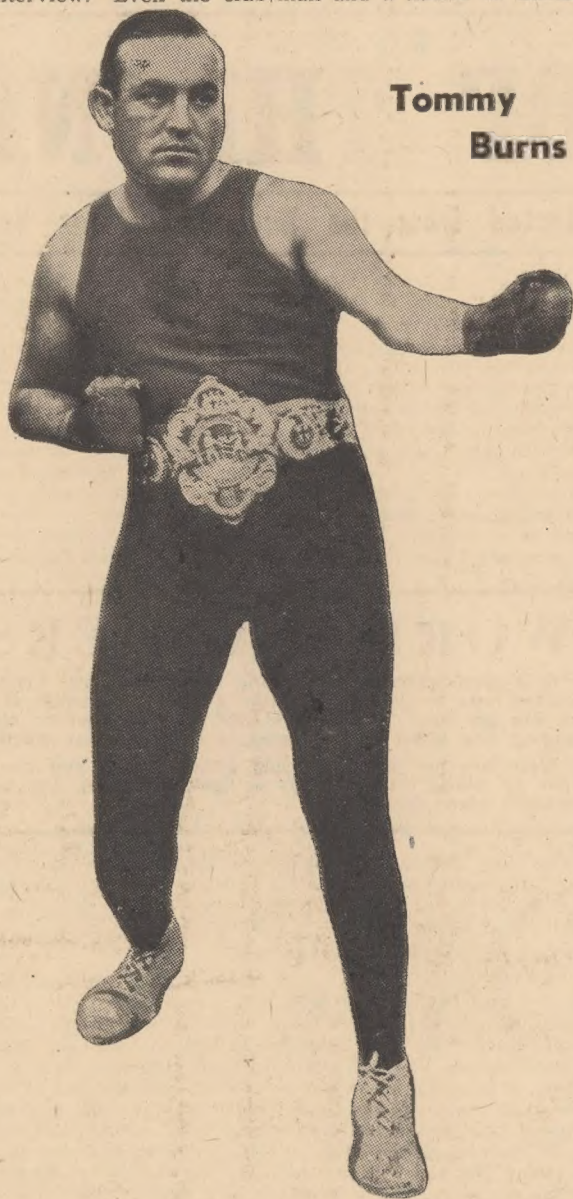
A month later Burns visited Dublin and picked up some easy money by knocking out the Irish champion, Jim Roche, in the first round. Then over to Paris, where the English sport La Boxe had begun to take a firm hold.

This was before any of the native French boxers had become top-liners and the big contests were generally provided by English or American fighters. Burns had Jewey Smith for his opponent, and he knocked him out in five rounds.

Jewey Smith is another for our portrait gallery, and he will be hung on the line in due course.



Gunner Moir, eh? Well—if anyone's gunner be good around here it's gunner be me—Tubby (you know, "Whistlin' Charlie's" pal!). Tattoo? Cor! You ain't seen nothin' yet! If I took my singlet and trousers off . . . !!!



Tommy Burns

A typical picture of Tommy Burns at the peak of his fighting career.

whisky failed to restore warmth and the vintage port never tasted as good for many a long day.

Burns kept himself in his ice-box while the dear old gentlemen, who were trying to fix the details, became all hot under the collar and sweated blood in the efforts to keep from rising in a body and pitching this filibuster down the steps to land among the cabages of Covent Garden. The steely-blue eyes of this hard-headed Canuck damped down any second thoughts in this direction.

He just took it

In short, Burns took everything he asked for, though "ask" is hardly the right word. He never asked. He demanded. Mussolini and Hitler rolled to-

days, and rated his ability sky-high: but Burns told us that in world championship matters our hero was a mere pedestrian, and so it proved.

The Gunner had two things in common with Burns; he knew the value of money and kept it; and if there was any humour in his make-up he concealed this just as successfully.

Other than in those particulars, the men were as the poles apart. Moir was modest to a point of self-effacement, but once seen, was never forgotten. Here, indeed, could it be said of him that his face was his fortune. He was never out of a job to the last days of his life, for he had the perfect film face and his features were stamped on countless films. He was famous for its walks. We thought a lot of Moir in those

Periscope Page

ODD CORNER

THE value of iron rails was first demonstrated on the Grand Surrey Iron Railway in 1803. On one occasion a single horse pulled a train of 12 wagons, each loaded with three tons of stones. The horse started from rest, and pulled the load six miles in less than two hours.

In 1805, a horse succeeded in pulling 12 wagons, loaded with 39 tons of stones, from rest, and continued to pull after four more wagons had been added, each being loaded with stones and 50 workmen. The total weight was 55 tons 6 cwt., and it was recorded before witnesses that "the horse proceeded without the least distress." This was the first proof that the use of iron rails reduces loss of power by road-friction by ten or twelve times.

The world's first air-gun, mechanical organ, self-driven clock, and liquid-fire thrower were all invented by the same man—Ctesibius, about 250 B.C. The organ and the clock were driven by water.

The first poison gas was used by the Spartans in 429 B.C. They made it by burning a mixture of pitch, charcoal and sulphur. Alexander the Great was using fire-tipped arrows and catapulting incendiary bombs in 326 B.C. "Greek Fire," with its choking fumes, was used by Richard Cœur de Lion at the Siege of Acre in 1191, and by other Crusaders.

WANGLING WORDS—14

- 1.—What word is it that becomes longer when you make it shorter?
- 2.—One of these words is misspelt. Which is it: TETRAHEDRON, EMBARASS, CORUSCATE, RELINQUISH.
- 3.—Can you change REST into SOFA, altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: FISH into BIRD, WALK into RIDE, FEAR into HOPE.
- 4.—How many four-letter words can you make from the word MISANTHROPE? And how many five-letter words?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 13

- 1.—EVEN plus S equals SEVEN.
- 2.—CORUNDUM.
- 3.—WIRE, WARE, WARS, CARS, CATS, COTS, LOTS, LOSS, LESS, CARE, CART, CURT, CURL, CULL, FULL, GRUB, GRAB, GRAY, BRAY, BRAT, BOAT, BOLT, BOLE, MOLE, MOTE, MOTH, WELL, WEAL, PEAL, PEAT, BEAT, BRAT, DRAT, DRAW.
- 4.—CROP, REST, TIME, NEAT, SORE, ROSE, RISE, TORN, CAST, etc. TASTE, CRATE, PRINT, TOAST, PRATE, TRAIN, STORE, PLOTS, etc.

A Division Query

What is the least number which, when divided by 2, or 3, or 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, or 10, leaves, respectively, as remainders, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9?

Little Weather Mysteries—No. 11

Sun spotting the weather

THAT we owe our existence, let alone our weather, to the sun is almost a platitude, but science has recently discovered that the sun's light and heat are by no means the only solar influences at work.

The sun is an incandescent ball of gases, and sun-spots are violent outbursts of hydrogen from its surface. They may be flung out to distances of tens of thousands of miles. With them are freed electrons, torn from the atoms by the terrific heat, and these travel outwards for many millions of miles.

Quick journey

These last discharges are often called "corpuscular rays," and they sometimes deluge the earth, causing severe magnetic storms. They only penetrate the outer layers of the atmosphere, however, and are probably the chief cause of the aurora borealis. They take about a day and a half to travel the 93,000,000 miles to the earth, and are accompanied by an unusual supply of ultra-violet rays.

Sunspots are found to occur in exceptional numbers every eleven years, and at such periods there is also an exceptionally heavy rainfall in England, while the level of the Central African lakes also rises.

There is no doubt whatever that this is cause and effect, though the exact connection is not yet understood.

One effect of the ultra-violet rays is to cause a thin layer of ozone in the atmosphere at a height of about thirty miles. This belt is always present, but during extra sunspot activity it is more concentrated.



The Sun (inset Earth to same scale).

There may be some connection between this and the fact that there is always an exceptional concentration of ozone over a patch of bad weather—a cyclone.

Another unexplained effect of the eleven-year sunspot cycle is that it is accompanied by an increase in the rates of breeding of the rabbits and hares of Canada, and the field-mice of England.

The corpuscular rays are the probable cause of the two belts of electrified gases high in the atmosphere which are known as the Appleton Layer (at 140 miles) and the Heaviside Layer (at 70 miles). These are the belts which reflect short and long wireless waves, respectively, and enable wireless messages to be sent round and round the earth.

On the up and up

The remarkable atmospheric temperatures met with at great heights are probably maintained by these extraordinary radiations from the sun. The stratosphere balloonists discovered that although the temperature steadily falls till a height of seven miles is reached, it remains steady as you go further up—at least, to a height of 14 miles.

At the ozone layer, the sound of distant gunfire is reflected back to earth, and this indicates a sudden rise of temperature.

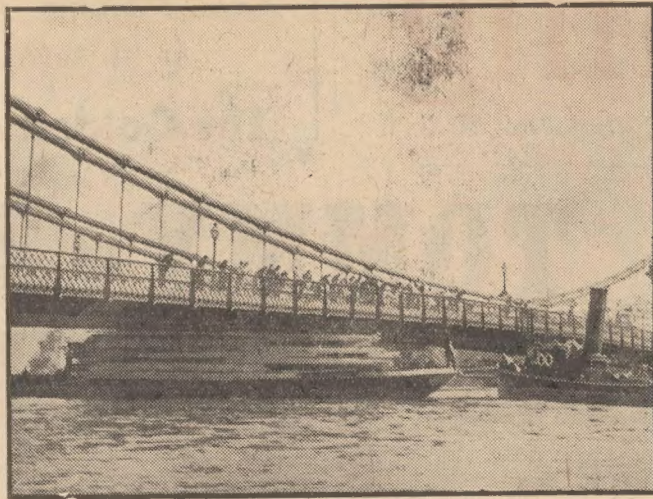
At thirty miles up it is as warm as a spring day in England, and it goes on rising at five degrees per mile, passing the boiling-point of water before the Heaviside Layer is reached.

In the Appleton Layer it reaches 1,800 degrees, though here the atmosphere is so thin that you would probably not feel particularly warm if you could go there.

Farther up still, in the void between the earth and the sun, the temperature drops again to a few degrees only above absolute zero.

Further knowledge of these effects may one day enable us to predict wet and fine seasons by observation of the sun, for, when all is said and done, the sun is the prime cause of whatever weather we have.

CURIOUS ACCIDENTS



STRANGE MISHAP AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE. A barge laden with timber became jammed at high tide under Hammersmith Bridge. The efforts of two tugs eventually succeeded in freeing her. Photo shows pedestrians on Hammersmith Bridge interested in the mishap.

QUIZ for today

1. What is the meaning of (a) villegiatura, (b) al fresco?
2. Which of the following fruits are mentioned in the Bible: Damsons, Dates, Figs, Pears, Oranges?
3. Who wrote (a) "The Four Just Men," (b) "The Sign of Four," (c) "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"?
4. What is the brightest star in the sky?
5. What is the offspring of a horse and a female ass called?
6. To whom do the beds of rivers in England belong?
7. What is Gruyere?
8. How much does a firkin of butter weigh?
9. Why is the "Mark" so called?
10. What is "dry-point"?
11. What is the longest drive ever made at golf?
12. What is the fastest time for the Channel swim?

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

WE were far from the subject. Before I could answer, the captain pointed to a manuscript on the table, and said in a grave tone—

"Here is a manuscript written in several languages, M. Aronnax. It contains the account of my studies on the sea, and, if God so please, it shall not perish with me. This manuscript, signed by my own name, completed by the history of my life, will be inclosed in an insubmersible case. The last survivor of us all on board the *Nautilus* will throw this case into the sea, and it will go where the waves will carry it."

The name of this man! His history written by himself! Then the mystery that surrounds him will be one day revealed? But at that moment I only saw in this communication an opening for me.

"Captain," I answered, "I can but approve the idea that influences you. The fruit of your studies must not be lost. But the means you employ seem to me very primitive. Who knows where the winds will carry that case, in what hands it will fall? Could you not find some better means? Could not you or one of yours—"

"Never, sir," said the captain, interrupting me.

"But I and my companions will preserve your manuscript if you will give us liberty—"

"Liberty, sir?" said Captain Nemo, rising.

"Yes, captain, and that is the subject I wished to ask you about. We have now been seven months on your vessel, and I now ask you, in the name of my companions and myself, if you mean to keep us stand, up to a certain point; but there are other aspects of your life surrounded with complications and mysteries in which my companions and I alone have no part. It is this feeling of being strangers to everything that concerns you that makes our position unbearable, even for me, but much more for Ned Land. Every man, because he is man, is worth attention. Have you ever asked yourself what the love of liberty and hatred of slavery might arouse in a nature like that of the Canadian, what he might think or attempt—"

I was silent. Captain Nemo rose.

"It does not matter to me what Ned Land thinks or attempts. I did not take him; I do not keep him on board my vessel for my own pleasure. As to you, M. Aronnax, you are one of the few people who can understand anything, even silence. I have nothing more to answer you. This first time that you come to speak on this subject must also be the last, for I cannot even listen to you again."

I can admire you, follow you with pleasure in a role that I under-

I withdrew. From that day our position was clear. I related our conversation to my two companions.

"We now know," said Ned Land, "that there is nothing to expect from that man. The *Nautilus* is approaching Long Island. We will escape, no matter what the weather is."

But the sky became more and more threatening. Symptoms of a hurricane became manifest. The atmosphere became white and misty. Fine streaks of cirrhus clouds were succeeded on the horizon by masses of cumulus clouds. The sea rose in huge billows. The birds disappeared, with the exception of petrels, those friends of the storm. The barometer fell visibly, and indicated an extreme tension of the vapours in the air.

The tempest broke out on the 18th of May, just as the *Nautilus* was floating abreast of Long Island, at some miles from the port of New York. I can describe this struggle of the elements for instead of avoiding it in the depths of the sea, Captain Nemo, by an inexplicable caprice, wished to dare it on the surface.

The wind was blowing from the S.W. at a speed of 45 feet a second, which became 75 before 3 p.m.

Captain Nemo, unshaken by the gale, had taken his place on the platform. He had fastened himself by a rope round his waist to resist the monstrous waves that swept over him. I had gone up and fastened myself too, dividing my admiration between this tempest and the incomparable man who defied it.

Continued on Page 3.

JANE



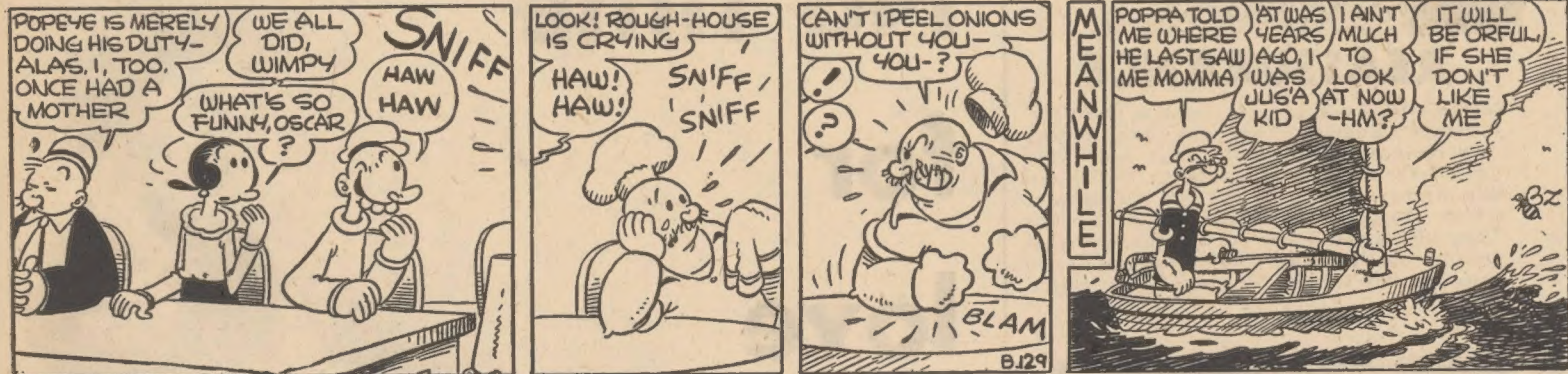
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



All these Labels

By F. W. THOMAS

MR. BODDY lives in a little shop full of frying pans and coal scuttles and bird-cages and saucepans. He also mends broken lawn mowers. Next week.

Mr. Boddy never mends a lawn mower this week. He can't. He's too busy mending last week's lawn mower. "Maybe if you call round next Thursday," he says, "maybe I'll be able to manage it. This week I've got my hands full." Then he sits down on a packing-case and returns to his crossword puzzle. Or sometimes he just sits.

Our negotiations had reached this stage when Mrs. Pringle came in. Mrs. Pringle wanted a dog's drinking basin. "Two-and-nine, plain," said Mr. Boddy, "and three-and-three with 'DOG' on them." Mrs. Pringle chose a three-and-threepenny one, with "DOG" on it.

"But why 'DOG'?" I asked. "Is she afraid that her husband will drink out of it by mistake? Or can the dogs in this part read?"

Mr. Boddy didn't know. Some people liked 'em with DOG on them, some didn't.

ALL LABELLED.

But why labels? I have been looking round since this dog business, and the place is simply swarming with unnecessary labels. On my desk is a blotter labelled "Blotter." In case I should mistake it for Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" and try to read it.

In my front door is a letter-box labelled "Letters." That is to prevent the coalman shoving our half-hundred of Derby Brights through it.

In the kitchen is a bread-board, with the word BREAD neatly and expensively carved on its perimeter. Very useful, that. Imagine the tired business man coming home to dinner. He needs bread. Where the dickens is the bread? ... Bread, bread.

Hallo, what's this? A board with the word BREAD on it. Then this stuff must be bread. It says so. It can't possibly be cheese, or chocolate, or chewing-gum. And bread, strangely enough, it is; while beside it stands a butter-dish with BUTTER around its rim, to show that it contains margarine. It is all very helpful.

Beside the fireplace is a beautiful box made of beaten copper, and labelled "COAL." That is to save you groping under the sofa, or turning out the bookcase, when the fire needs making up. If that box were not labelled COAL, the cat would probably kitten in it.

And who was the genius who first thought of putting the words BATH MAT on a bath mat? That was a bright thought. Goodness knows how many people had previously died through trying to eat the things.

In many cases these labels are highly necessary. In the kitchen, for example. There, on the well-ordered shelves, you will see tin boxes bearing such legends as TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR, TAPIOCA; and so on.

This arrangement saves a lot of time. For when you see a canister labelled SAGO, you know at once that there you will find your bits of string, the unpaid gas bill, and a few tin-tacks.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

The sea was swept by ragged clouds that dipped into the billows. I no longer saw any of the intermediary waves that form in the large hollows—nothing but long undulations, the crest of which did not break into foam, so compact were they. Their height increased. The Nautilus,

sometimes lying on its side, sometimes as straight up as a mast, pitched and tossed frightfully.

The intensity of the tempest increased during the night. At nightfall I saw a large ship pass on the horizon, struggling painfully. It must have been one of the steamers of the lines between New York and Liverpool or Havre. It soon disappeared in the darkness.

At 10 p.m. the sky was all on fire. The atmosphere was streaked with violent lightning. I could not support its brilliancy, whilst Captain Nemo, looking straight at it, seemed the soul of the tempest. A terrible noise filled the air, made by the waves, wind, and thunder. The wind veered to all parts of the horizon, and the cyclone, starting from the east, returned to it, passing north, west, and south in the opposite directions to the circular tempests of the austral hemisphere.

To the shower of rain succeeded a shower of fire. One would have thought that Captain

Nemo, seeking a death worthy of him, tried to get struck by lightning. With a frightful pitch the Nautilus threw up its steel prow into the air like a lightning-conductor, and I saw it give out sparks. Completely worn out, I crawled on all-fours towards the panel. I opened it and went down to the saloon. The tempest had then attained its maximum of intensity. It was impossible to keep on one's feet in the interior of the Nautilus.

Captain Nemo came in about midnight. I heard the reservoirs gradually filling, and the Nautilus slowly sank under the water.

Through the windows of the saloon I saw large frightened fish pass like phantoms in the fiery waters. Some were struck by lightning before my eyes.

The Nautilus still sank. I thought it would find calm water at a depth of eight fathoms; but no, the surface was too violently agitated. We were obliged to sink to twenty-five fathoms to find rest.

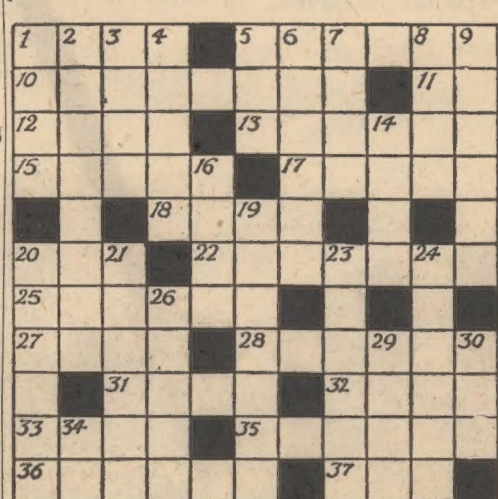
But there, what tranquillity! what silence! Who would have said that a terrible tempest was going on upon the surface of that same ocean?

(Continued to-morrow)

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. A moon which is nearly full.
2. George Peele in 1595, and Arnold Bennett in 1908.
3. From Calicut, India, where it was first manufactured.
4. No; it occurs in Shakespeare.
5. 221b Baker Street, London.
6. Simon Bolivar, Liberator of S. America.
7. (a) A breed of dog, (b) a hair-ball found in the stomachs of some goats.
8. A German card game.
9. (a) The natives of Lincolnshire, (b) the natives of Norfolk.
10. 29th September.
11. A plant grown for forage.
12. Sir George Everest, who first measured its height.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 River barrier.
- 5 Amusement maker.
- 10 Ambitious one.
- 11 Parent.
- 12 Cold.
- 13 Dried fruit.
- 15 Breathing organs.
- 17 Building material.
- 18 Noble.
- 20 Fish.
- 22 Cricketer.
- 25 Make amends.
- 27 Interdict.
- 28 More stupid.
- 31 Loud cry.
- 32 Askew.
- 33 Stands up to.
- 35 Employ.
- 36 Astute.
- 37 Watch.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Cricket cross-piece.
- 2 Kiss.
- 3 Exposed.
- 4 Insect.
- 5 Great.
- 6 Employer.
- 7 Excite.
- 8 Poem.
- 9 Promoted soldier.
- 14 Indian province.
- 16 Secure.
- 19 Filled with holes.
- 20 Ship's cranes.
- 21 Ado.
- 23 Rows of print.
- 24 Come into view.
- 26 Loop of rope.
- 29 Rule.
- 30 Cereal.
- 34 Otherwise.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Tony and Goggles visit the Vet.—2



ANXIETY

You know the feeling when you were a kid and waited for the dentist to say "Next, please!" You were going to get hurt. Tony felt this for Goggles, as he waited in the gloom of the vet's waiting room wondering what torture for his pet lay behind that forbidding inner door. "It'll be all right, Goggles," he kept telling his pal as we got this picture, but his face didn't say so.



REASSURANCE

In the kindly and capable arms of the Vets' assistant Goggles finds the preliminary inspection quite a friendly affair—and could Tony have seen this picture as he waited outside he would have felt the reassurance which Goggles' face registers here. But Tony didn't see it—he sat out there in that gloomy waiting room and hoped and hoped they wouldn't hurt his dog. They didn't.



"What on earth are they playing at? Looks like a new sort of 'hangover' to me, but I know very well they only had milk last night, in fact, they only had what I left them. Dear, dear, if I look at them much longer I'm sure I'll begin to wonder, if I am upside down. They're being much more than kittenish."

No time for love



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I've got the time—but I can't get ashore."



Well, that is the film title of Paramount's star, Claudette Colbert's picture with Fred McMurray, but unless we're looking through our blind eye, she seems to have taken up a most inviting pose. Her next picture is U.S. epic story of nurses at Bataan "So Proudly we Hail." Guess Claudette has always been included in our adulation anyway.

BONNIE SCOTLAND

A view of the Scottish Highlands nearby Loch Ness. Even these peaceful woodlands contribute their quota to the war effort. Vital, and much needed shipping space is being saved by the efforts of the Canadian Forestry Corps, who have established saw-mills in this world-famed beauty spot and are converting into precious timber the forests which are Scotland's pride.

